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(191)

A New Song, to the Tune of, the Granada  
nadeers March. 687

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1767

COME my Lads let's March away  
let Drums beat and Pipers play  
I think't a twelve-month every day  
Till the Rebels are Confounded  
Their projects now we will defeat  
were their force Ten times as great  
Arm'd with justice we'l them fight  
tho with the fiends surrounded.  
We'l drown Argile in the raging Sea  
Bring Rampant Monmouth to his Knee  
and Cuckold Grey to the Triple tree  
with a number of Lay Elders  
We'l dress the whole Phanatick Crew  
some we'l Roast and some we'l stew  
but the best will make the Devil spew,  
He hold a hundred Guilders.  
Methinks I see them trembling stand  
gazing towards the Irish Land  
expecting every hour a band  
of hearty Loyal Fellowes  
But faith we'l quickly make them know  
we value not so mean a Foe  
we've never a boy shall strike a blow  
but a Traytors death shall follow  
We now resolve t'extirpate all  
every Root and Branch shall fall  
that dos but smell Phanaticall  
We'l have no more this trouble  
Since we have been so oft abus'd  
the Devil a Rogue shall be Excus'd  
with Tales we'l be no more amus'd  
their powers but a Bubble.

FINIS

